

XX #1

THE
CRESCENT
PACIFIC COLLEGE

NOVEMBER, 1908

October

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THE CRESCENT.

VOL. XX.

OCTOBER, 1908.

NO. 1

Sidney Carton.

In the character of Sidney Carton, Dickens puts before his readers the pathetic and terrible condition of a man who "might have been."

Through Carton as a medium he makes a powerful and heartrending plea in behalf of the thousands whose lives bear the stamp of "failure." He proves that in these same souls there may smoulder suppressed flames which had they been stirred at the proper time by encouragement and opportunity, might have shed brightness all about them, and made plain the path of the wanderer.

From the soul of Carton a chained despair seems to look to us in its hopelessness, entreating that we be charitable in our judgement of the unfortunate.

L. J., '11.

An Unpleasant Condition.

In a spacious room the walls of which were covered with master pieces of art, a fire was burning brightly. The red glow played fantastically over the dark well polished furniture; shadows fell lightly here and there among rich draperies. A large bronze clock on the mantle ticked steadily on five, ten, fifteen, until sixty minutes had been counted out.

Apparently unaware of the swift flight of time a man

of about middle age sat in a large easy chair, as if in the depth of meditation, until the door opened and a young girl walked in.

"Well Lois, I see Charles has been here again. How did you get along this time?" "As well perhaps as Charles and I shall ever get along" she answered, carelessly seating herself upon an upholstered sofa without looking at the speaker.

"Now look here Lois let's consider the question from a business standpoint." "There's something else besides 'business' in this world" she interrupted sharply.

"I know there is, my dear, but not anything really well—really say worth considering in a case like this." He looked at her keenly not knowing exactly how to proceed. He knew he had a difficult subject with whom to deal and one far less "practical" than himself.

"Lois I might as well tell you the truth. It must come; it will hurt you I know but it's business. Some time ago the company of which I am an unworthy member made an investment which if it had succeeded, as it seemed then it must, would have placed us far above want forever afterward, but it has—failed."

"Failed. Do you know what that means Lois? That all is gone. The very roof over your head is no longer ours unless help comes before this time next month."

He observed her earnestly but not an expression changed. He wished she would speak; it would be easier to proceed.

"There is just one way of escape. One man holds the papers which can put us again on a solid foundation. That man will turn them over to us when you become the wife of Charles Larnard." A paleness as of death spread over her countenance, but she spoke without ap-

parent emotion.

"Father, I realize your position as I do my own. But you are a strong man with yet keen business perception. You can earn enough never to be in want. As for myself, I had rather wash dishes in Millard's restaurant the remainder of my life than to sell my freedom to any man."

"Then we are ruined."

"Father we are not ruined. I wish business and finances played a less part in mens lives than they do today.

If Charles were less absorbed in business affairs, and less inclined to overestimate the value of his 'magnificent' bank account we should all be happier. I have wished he were different and hoped sometime he might be. But if I must make a decision now, under the circumstances, it must displease you." With this she left the room.

Mr. Greig remained in the room several hours. Early the next morning a letter was handed him containing the papers, with no explanation but stating the author had sailed for London.

E. I. H. '09

The Trust.

The president of the Condon National Bank was interrupted at his desk by a telephone call. Dr. Gorman had heard incidentally of the National's need of an office boy, and was calling to recommend little Tommy Bennet, in whom as he stated, he had become interested. Tommy was already on his way to the bank to make his application for the position.

In a few minutes the office door opened and President James turned from his desk and faced fourteen-

year-old Tommy. He appeared more like twelve than fourteen. His slender figure seemed to have forgotten its most important function—to grow. Mr. James saw the well-worn brown suit and shoes, but only for a minute. His eyes met those of Tommy, and Tommy had won his position. One could not resist the appeal of those manly, brown eyes. There was in them an expression of sadness, as if he regretted some condition of his young life, and longed for something which was denied him. Little did Mr. James know the suffering this little struggler had experienced—the hunger he had felt, and the weariness it had cost him to provide a scanty living for his widowed mother. To Mr. James, Tommy's eyes expressed only manly determination and honesty.

Thus began Tommy's business career. He worked faithfully and hard, and was ever alert to the wishes of his employer. But a careful observer would have noticed that the look of despair and dissatisfaction in the deep manly eyes was growing more evident. His freckled face, never full, was becoming thin and worn. This was unnoticed by Mr. James, who little knew that Tommy's mother was struggling with a hopeless disease, while Tommy struggled with her, suffering hunger and hardship to supply her needs.

As Tommy came into the bank one winter morning about two months after his appointment there, unusually tired and worn, he was called into Mr. James' private office.

"You know Mr. Sherman, of Rockford's, don't you Tommy?" Asked Mr. James as he entered.

Yes, Tommy knew him.

"I want you to take this note to him at his ranch three miles east of town. Give it to no one but Mr.

Sherman—the man with white hair. Wait for an answer.”

Tommy hurried out of the bank into the storm. The snow had fallen for many hours, and the wind had increased almost to a blizzard. But Tommy was brave, and holding his collar about his throat he mustered all his remaining strength to meet the threats of the gale. The way led him facing the storm. The particles of snow and sleet stung his face, and the wind took his breath away. But he was a spirited little body, and battled with the elements with all the strength of his half starved body. An hour later after he had traversed only half the distance, the storm increased. The snow was changed to sleet, and all was bitterly cold. Strong gusts of wind often threw him back as he tried to face them. He felt cold, and doubled his exertions to warm himself. Gradually he felt warmer and noticed the fury of the storm less. He hardly knew where he was going, only that he must fight his way through the storm. Then he forgot even this, and dreamed he was fighting his way up the stone steps of the National Bank to get money to save his mother's life. He was fighting his way, O, so hard among big shouldering men. He became exhausted, and sank down to rest just one moment on the lowest step, and then he dreamed no more.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the cold impassive sunlight streamed through the trees in Reed's Canyon where the search party found Tommy, almost buried in snow. The sunlight glistened on one small, transparent hand, as it grasped at something unattainable above the snow. The other hand was securely held over the note intrusted to him.

Life in the Dormitory.

The six o'clock whistle has no sooner blown than the lights flash in the rooms of the Dormitory. If you could look into the rooms you would see one or two begin to rub their eyes, some would ejaculate a kind of Si-wash grunt and be lost to the world again. If you watched closely you would see a fellow suddenly jump out of bed, hastily dress, noiselessly creep into the hall and down the corridors to a neighboring room. What happens then depends on whether the occupants have already arisen or are peacefully slumbering, but usually covers, books and furniture are badly dislocated and sometimes the bath tub is surprised by early patronage.

After partaking of "Cold mush and hash and pale blue milk," some go to their rooms and stand before the mirror for a long or longer length of time. About two will creep behind the kitchen stove with a book and to all intents are studying when not looking at the dish-washers. Others place themselves where they think they will be most in the way.

In school, at noon, and from four o'clock until supper-time the dormits play an important part in the various college activities. The postoffice is a favorite resort for awhile after supper and then occur the evening "recitals." The "recitals," musical and otherwise, are held in the parlor, one of the rooms, or over the 'phone and sometimes in two or more places simultaneously. After a few minutes spent in this way study hours begin for all who do not have special permission to do otherwise or who do not take such permission.

Lights are usually out about ten o'clock but of course activities do not of a necessity close at that time. In fact just before retiring is a good time to take exer-

cise to insure sound sleep towards morning. Wrestling matches are common. There are no set rules governing these matches and as many as care to do so or those who can't help it may enter the contests. Beds serve as mats. The signal to begin is "rough house" and the signal to stop is "Boys" yelled by the Governor from some safe position, usually behind Mrs. Governor. Other "before retiring exercises" are the "tight rope stunt;" imitating the gentle patter patter of the rain by running up and down the hall with shoes on and a broom-stick in each hand; trying to get into a room when the door is locked or into a bed already full.

There is an air of mystery about the place, for things usually considered inanimate have a surprisingly well developed ability to suddenly appear in places other than their rightful one. Pies, cakes, jellies, etc., disappear from the pantry sometimes never to be seen again and sometimes to appear in trunks, under beds, in coat pockets, etc. Occasionally a cake will tire of one room and get into another one even when doors are locked; wearing apparel is seen first on one fellow; second on somebody else, and third on the owner sometimes.

From the above statements you might get the idea that there is no seriousness in "dorm" life but if you were called into the Governor's private office and came out with a "campused" sentence upon you, you would think otherwise.

In closing I would say that when everything is said that might be said, the "dorm" is a good place to be.

ONE OF THEM.

Modern American Humorists.

If you would know a nation, study its humor, for in it is mirrored the history of the people: the political and social life, the thought of the age, the ideals and moral standards of the people. Humor rises ready made out of life. It is human experience, and it is the property of every man. But especially it is the property of the common man, and an outgrowth of the nation's real life. The humorist lives in the soil of common life; he knows a great mass of significant human experience, and gives us, in the disguise of humor, the innermost life of the people—their views of life, their ideals, the things they most love and hate, their religion.

Humor is as old as the world itself. Every age has had its humorists—men who saw the bright side of things, and made the world laugh with them. Their flashing wit, and easy, careless humor have won a ready entrance into the hearts of the people. But beneath this mask of humor there lies a seriousness and a real purpose which we too often fail to recognize. And these men have had a very great influence, not merely as humorists, but as statesmen, social reformers and moralists.

Charles Dickens was a humorist whose ridiculous exaggerations and immoderate jests never cease to amuse. But he wrote with a far different purpose than to amuse. Behind his great comic incongruities we may hear the tread of Tragedy. He saw the terrible oppression of the poor, and with a breaking heart he tried to make other men feel it as he did, not simply as a kind of cruelty to animals, but as an injustice to equals, a treachery to comrades. He stands far above all others of the literary world as the voice of the poor. He utters the

secret auger of the humble and the uneducated. We feel instinctively that he does not pity the people, nor even champion the people, nor merely love the people: he is the people. And his eccentricities serve but as a cloak for the great burden of his heart.

For another example of a humorist with a purpose far deeper than simply to amuse, take our own James Russell Lowell. In his Bigelow Papers he conveys, under the mask of humor, sentiments which would not have been received had they been spoken outrightly. Hidden under the disguise of drollery, the new ideas of war and of slavery entered the hearts of the people. His kindly and genial humor was irresistible. The people laughed over the Yankee drollery of Birdofredum Sawin, and almost unconsciously they imbibed the truths lying under the rustic garb. Listen again to the sentiments of Mr. Robinson:

"We were gittin' on nicely up here in our village,
With good old ideas o' wut's right an' wut aint,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' that eppylets warn't the best mark of a saint.

But John P.

Robinson he

Says this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

"Parson Wilbur says he never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller tail
coats,

An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes.

But John P.

Robinson he

Says they didn't know anything down in Judee."

Incongruity is the basal element of humor, and since the beginning of America—a rapidly extending and evolving democracy—there has been no lack of in-

congruity. Even the early Puritans could not refrain from a grim sort of humor, when they contrasted their ideal life with the actual.

Identical with each new phase of incongruity in our history is a new phase of humorous literature. Benjamin Franklin's humor was the result of the contrast he saw between city and country life. The humor of the period of the Civil war was due to the incongruity between the opinions and life of the North and the South. Later the contrast between the new government and the unsophisticated people, between the facts and theories of government, inspired a literature of political humor.

As our country has filled up, the contrast between the life of the settled East and the new West has given rise to a new phase of humorous literature.

Perhaps, too, the satire heaped upon us by foreigners has helped us to laugh at our own oddities. And while we enjoy the characters that contribute to the gaiety of every nation, such as the small child, the servant girl, the immigrant and the suburbanite—we take particular pride in our own American funny people. And over and over again the Down-Easter, the Morman, the Pike-county man, the freed negro and the Western miner make their bows to laughing audiences.

Josh Billings is one of America's well-known humorists. Born in the east he left it to work on Ohio steamboats, then became a farmer, and finally an auctioneer, before he wrote an article or delivered with affected awkwardness a lecture full of pithy humor. This kind of a life fitted him for the jovial humorist he was. A great deal of his humor consists in his ridiculous spelling, the effect of which is lost in simply hearing his jokes. In his almanac he solemnly remarks:

"Kan a leopard change his spots? I answer it kan, by using Job Sargent's klensing sope. Job Sargent never told a lie. So did George Washington" Again he says "He whom the good praze and the wicked hate, ought to be satisfied with his reputashun." His is a broad humor that accentuates oddities, sets the commonplace in ridiculous relief and laughs at domestic, social and political mishaps (when they are not too serious). It delights to shock the prim, but avoids all grossness.

(To be continued.)

New Dormitory Parlor.

October 23, the young ladies Sunday school class of Friends Church gave a box social, the proceeds to go toward furnishing the Dormitory parlor. The first event of the evening was a basketball game between the Dormitory and Freshman teams. The teams were evenly matched and the score close throughout the game making it a very interesting one, the final score being 18 to 21 in favor of the Dormitory.

After the game boxes brought by the girls of the college and town were sold at auction. Mr. Parker as auctioneer made things interesting and secured good bids. The contents of the boxes were enjoyed in the dormitory diningroom and the informal social gathering during the supper hour made the evening an enjoyable one for all present.

The present parlor is too small for social events and a double parlor will be made by combining the present room with the room adjoining it. New rugs, pictures, lace curtains, chairs, a settee and other articles will be added, making the parlor one that may be used for various social events.

Friends of the college and especially the "dormites" wish to thank the Sunday school class and others aiding in making the parlor more attractive and invite them to visit it when completed.

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There is a term "Anglo Saxon Grit" which we Americans are proud to apply to the determination and staying qualities we have by virtue of our Anglo and Saxon ancestry. The typical American has pure grit. That is not saying he has nothing but grit in the narrow sense of the word. There are people who have grit enough to conquer the world, but, as they have nothing else, their grit only grates on the nerves of others, and makes them antagonistic to mankind. The American has grit combined with integrity, thrift and an optimistic view of life. He is a composite character and well balanced. To make the American, it took the cream of the nations, enthused over governmental rights, religious principles, or highest commercial am-

bitions. There was little waste material in the original making of the American. The elements not worthy did not enter into the composition of the American character. The foundation of it is a bedrock of solid Anglo Saxon Grit. It was this grit that made it possible for our barbarian ancestors to survive in the primeval forests among the bear, the wolf and the savage. It was Anglo Saxon grit that invaded England, and not Angles and Saxons. It was this same grit that defeated Napoleon at Waterloo. It bridged the Niagara, It placed elevated railways and subways in our greatest cities. It is Anglo Saxon Grit that tills our soil, builds our architecture, and composes our government. It is the central element in our great American nation.

Let all the people sing. Let bells ring and cannons roar. Let all the nation rejoice and be exceeding glad, for "Bill" has been elected. Let him be proclaimed "Greatest President in the United States." Let every American citizen uphold, with Bill, the lofty standard of government maintained by our honored Roosevelt.

Often when one student approaches another, asking him if he will take part in this or that literary work, Y. M. C. A. work, athletics, etc., he receives the answer--"I can't, I haven't time." This is almost invariably the case. Strange it is how these poor students one and all are loaded down with their studies that they have no time for those things which go to make up the best part of college life. They look loaded down with work and cares. Yet on questioning them how much outside work, study and otherwise, they do, the aggregate will be found in most cases less than three hours work. Think of it. And yet they haven't

time for anything. They forget how much time there is between 6 a. m. and midnight. They have time to idle away yet no time to spare. If these same persons would spend that time, which they use in telling others they have no time, in doing that thing, they would find they had plenty of it. Come now, wake up students. Take time for the college activities. You will never regret it.

Members of the student body, why do you allow those few who are on the staff of your paper to do all the work? They should be the compilers of the material—not the authors of it. You owe your help to that staff. They are seriously in need of good, original stories for the literary department. You are as able to write as many of those who do write. Come now, let each one of you provide some original story, some poem, some editorial or locals for each succeeding issue of the Crescent.

Locals

The first basketball game of the season was played Friday evening, October 16, when the Freshmen defeated the Dormitory team by a score of 26 to 22. Throughout the game both teams showed good, consistent team work, and passed the ball well. There are good prospects for a fast team this year.

The first period and chapel were dispensed with on Nov. 6 in order that students might visit the Farming Observation Train. Prof. Hadley made the visit part of the regular class work of the Biology class.

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closest friends. They have always supported our paper and deserve our patronage.

Lillian Johnson—"Oh, Haines, I heard something awful about you this summer."

Haines Burgess, wonderingly—"Yes, what was it?"

Lillian—"Oh just that you raised an awful crop of pink whiskers this summer."

Mr. Wright, of Eugene, and Mr. Ryder, a former missionary to China, conducted chapel exercises on October 20.

Query—Did Jesse Hammer get his seat in English class on a quit claim deed?

M. D. H. in History—"Of what religious sect was Anne Hutchison?"

Earl Henry—"A woman suffragist."

Leonard George in describing a member of that most august body, the Agoreton—"He is rather tall and slimber."

On October 22 we were favored with a fine series of chapel talks by our friends from McMinnville college. They were: Pres. Riley of that institution, Dr. Blackburn of Baker City formerly of the White Temple, Dr. O. W. Van Osdel financial agent of McMinnville college, and Prof. Giles of the same institution. We would welcome them again to old Pacific.

On October 23, Dr. Strayer strayed in from Portland and gave an excellent chapel talk.

Haines B. in History class—"The Virginia settlers shipped in their wives for tobacco." Rather a queer purpose wasn't it?

Parrett in Biology—"I believe I should prefer dissecting a freshman (fresh man) rather than a dead

grasshopper." All of the Biology class sympathized with him.

On October 29 we were favored with the best chapel exercise of the season, one which was fully appreciated by all. It was a report of the Y. W. C. A. summer conference at Seaside given by three P. C. girls who attended it—Pearl Moore, Eula Hodson and Joycie George.

Another most interesting talk was given the students on October 30 by J. C. Hodson, the postmaster, concerning the mails and proper sending of the same. It was quite instructive as well as very entertaining.

On the 6th, inst., the executive committee of the Collegiate Debating League meets to decide the question to be used in the intercollegiate debates. Watch the Agoreton bulletin board for the announcement of the question and the date of the tryout. Though this matter is taken up by the Agoreton every student is urged to take part in it. Any desiring to do so will please notify some member of the Agoreton at least two days prior to date of tryout.

Students of Pacific College, beware. It is now high time you had chosen a subject for your Oration due in December. It is time you should have it almost completed and ready to deliver. Now is the time to work. Don't put it off till the last dog is dead.



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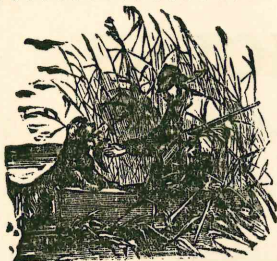
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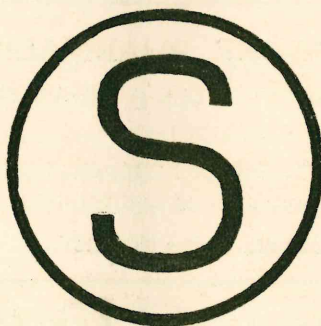
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